

# Equinox Ov The Gods, The Dance Of The Dead

On this night we dance in the moonlight  
Our feet are bare in the cold white snow  
Our stiff bones move so slowly  
Nur we will dance until our shrouds fall off

On this night we dance in the moonlight  
Sad shapes among empty tombs  
Beating the rhythm on wooden coffins  
We will dance until our shrouds fall off

It is the Dance  
Of the dead

On this night we dance in the moonlight  
The dance of the dead until our shrouds fall off  
Our rotten corpses move to the music  
Tonight we are dancing among our candles and graves